

## In The Grand Ballroom

On my arm her fingers' fluttering weight,  
Slight as a white bird's wing,  
Turned my poise to a cold sweat.  
It was the damndest thing.

We glided lightly as feathers fall  
Throughout the glittering Dames;  
The Hostess took our hands with a smile,  
"I envy the young their flame."

Bright plumes in our peripheral eyes  
Unruffle as we dine;  
While she espies what I devise  
Bubbles rise in the wine.

An eyelash flickers out of key  
On the outskirts of her glance,  
An accidental coquetry,  
A splinter in the dance.

And all night long while the blood grows bitter  
Living on looks and words,  
Balconies brim with exquisite chatter;  
The trees, with disheveled birds.

--George Anabile